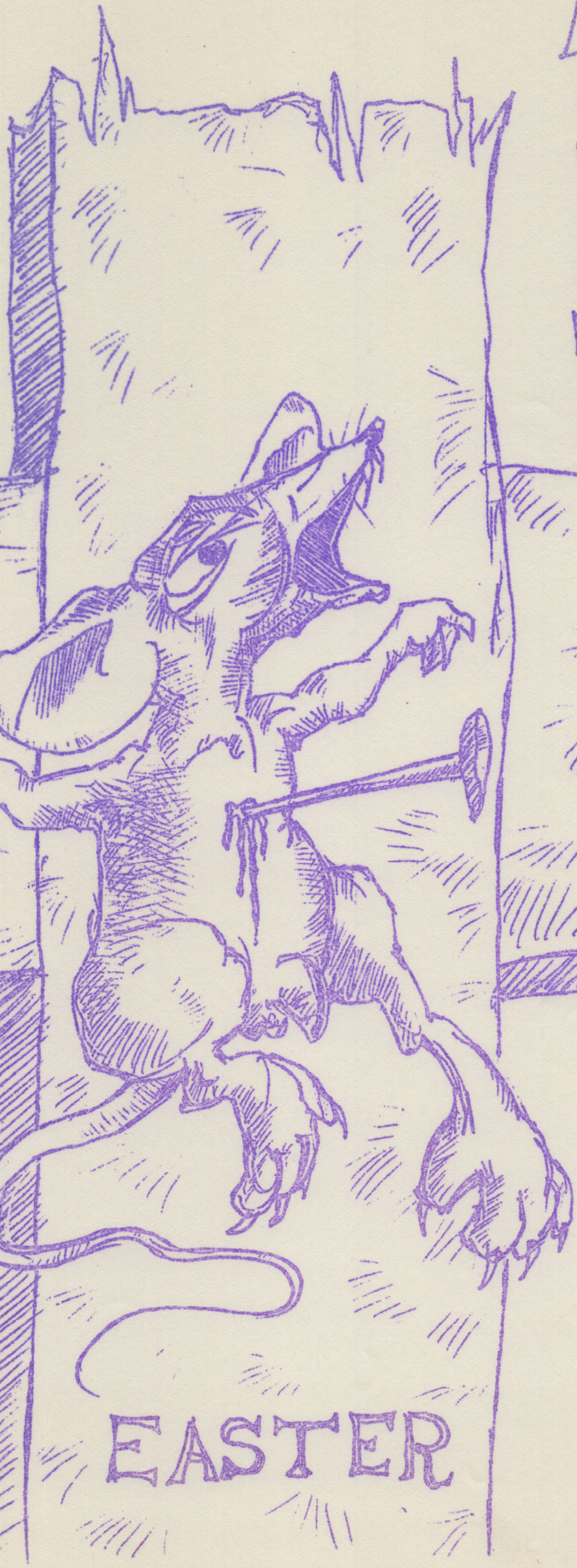
ARCMTL scan 2017

SUNDAY

MOUSE

EGGS



EASTER

35¢

typos
© the poet

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JOHN KCAULEY

monday morning

my nightmares ate human flesh without shame
as i hungered for pears & grapes & other fables
of my nebuchadnezzar childhood which was taken
to the hills to die so i could grow thru
the underpass of years seated in front
of a 24 inch black & white standing altar
set up to immortalize the minister of dreams

now i chin a stillness made sublime
by my fits & starts
to braid my twisting tears
as you know
there is a surface to the world
of certain limits &
what i thought had sunk
into the smell of coffee
has

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KEN NORRIS

I have begun again
To collect evidence.
Of God's absence in the world.
Of man's inhumanity to man.

All the churches are empty.
In the dead of night
Squirrels broke into the tabernacle
& scurried off with the sacrament.

Every day, a new revolution
In the name of Marx.
Every week
The revolutionaries play
A ball game against
The reactionaries.
The revolutionaries are perfecting
The hit & run play, while the
Reactionaries concentrate on
Their pitching. The arch-angels
Michael & Gabriel take turns
Alternating who is the home plate
Umpire, who is the official scorer.
It is a long season.
It started in 1917. The reactionaries
Always lose whenever they have
The home town advantage.
Liberals always sit
In the grandstands.

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Blueberries

It isn't only
that they're beautiful,
blueberries, blue on green,
powder blue over the blue
that shines royal blue when the
fingers dust them.

But when you touch them,
then you touch the lips of babies
and at the same time
the sheen of polished stones.
You get the lightning sparks of
your skin on my skin.

And when you take them,
when you tear them
from their green crowns,
when the smooth pale and royal blue skin
breaks,
they bleed.

janet kask

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JIM MELE

ON METROPOLITAN AVENUE

Last night a dream
of a Mason temple
on Metropolitan Avenue
 - three of us
seeing a hard hat
with his arm
around a deer in
the doorway
then children & wives
singing ROLL AWAY THE STONE
to a boogie piano: a
clear, surprising & rich
music for a secret
society.

A MYSTAGOGUE OVERHEARD

The night's not an insult
it sends the voice
without shadows
careening through an overgrown yard,
goes so well with ice,
hard & hard
muffled from underneath &
all desires surfaced,
understood through a blast.
It's the body -
it won't accept it, shivers
for exercise, for heat.

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JIM MELE

DIRT
(a Spring poem)

I tell you
if you won't
serve me up when I die
- a thanksgiving dinner
for my friends,
turn me into compost
and grow a nectarine tree.

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My virgin whore

she hacked into my private parts
and coughingly declared

"we are all united by disease"

she said this twice a day
before and after
puking her affirmation
into the communal sink

my mind screamed out "don't touch me
you virgin whore!
spread your love else
where and let me re
arrange my room!"

laughing into my chest
coughing strong she shouted

"no need to panic.
remember you joined my world
the moment you took air"

then she wheezed into my ear
and whispered sure

"i'm divine you see.
so go find me an alley where i may sleep on musty straw;
a stable where with legs spread i may gaze at the pin pricked sky
and await the coming of the Bacteria"

andre farkas

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JESUS OF NAZARETH, JR.

FOR MY FATHER JESUS

Call me the Son of the Son of God.
Saul of Tarsus would bounce me on his knee
&, in broken Hebrew, with a definite
Greek accent, teach me my Pater Nosters.
It's common knowledge that, upon your death,
My mother the whore returned
To her old familiar ways. She
Preferred to carouse & dally with Arabian men
Rather than make for me the ancient chicken soup.
Daddy, now that you're a Christ figure,
Please have Irving Layton teach me to be Jewish.

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ARTIE GOLD & GEOFF YOUNG

from MIXED DOUBLES

EIGHT

Face illuminated by the sun and moon
If a bird what kinds
Are apart and together, friend of my youth
You will go higher than the steps
I will watch here for the movement
A pillar in duplicate, a pillar
The kinship of woe and mortality, we know,
Too splendid and precise in its assembly

Cell by cell the baby made herself, the cells
Made cells
Baby with my name, old five weeks
Are your hands big enough to cover your face?
Like a painting by Picasso! You fled when you followed
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation
When I was still a willing wife
Clear and careful, knowing always the exact peril

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MURPHRIE ROOS

FIRST SONNET

Shall I compare you to a summer's night?
Or would you be paired with winter
When stars burn like sulphur
& the gentleness of new days is astonishing?
Like a windless snow in trees &
Japanese waterlilies unfolding
You would move into this life--
Never before so much light in darkness.

I've always had the delicate balance of my days
Fastened to the rising sun, radioactive
Flames exploding new buds
Of living's possibilities. But now, so often,
We are like two bats sensing each other's softness
in the dark,
Passing the night along so easily.

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JIM JOYCE

TRANSITION DAY

Through the fog's depths
the freezing rain had come:
everywhere on surfaces.
Even piles of dirty snow
exuded crystal seeds.

Pieces of plastic, the crumpled
scraps of last autmn's
newspapers are set, semi-
precious stones, into
the cement breastplate
of some hibernating giant.

Thus coral colonies
embed this sea's bottom
I walk through. I too exhale
milky ink. Where are
my co-divers with their lead
boots? From some cave I expect
the heave of a pallid side
to follow the biochemical
headlights which tunnel
shadows, swerving about
on some carnivore's task.

What winds could come to blow
clean, clear, this alien abyss?

The first blades of grass,
crocus shoots, startle out:
these strange ocean plants
made feline, slinking around
in this charged atmosphere.

Then, the sun sponges up the white
waters, scatters sparkling salts,
jewels of light, over birch
branches, dampening down
the magic, exorcising
the primordial spirits
into the trickling categories
of mundane spring.

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T. Konyves

Phoenix

To burn:
Hera, Demetrius, Veronica, Fletcher, Bozo, Marcel,
Hans, Spitz, Valery, Pushkin, Zahava, Jack.

The sand (Hera) and other raw (Demetrius) materials are mixed (Veronica) and the batch (Fletcher) is shoveled (Bozo) into crucibles (Marcel) in the furnace (Hans) in the evening (Spitz). The maximum temperature (Valery) of the molten mass (Pushkin) 1450 degrees (Zahava) Centigrade (Jack), is reached at

midnight

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